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# WASHINGTON, D. C.

(corveigner secures.) GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

No. 7. LONDON, July 7, 1852. My DEAR L. C.: At eleven o'clock on the orning of the 1st we set forth to witness the prorogation, which was to take place at two o'clock. Yet though so early, we found others before us, and were obliged to wait in our carringe for more than half an hour before we could enter the House of Lords. I found that my seat was one most desirable, both for seeing the brilliant assaulty, and the august ceremony; it was near the throne, yet commanded a view of every part of the splendid

The gallery was soon filled with ladies, all in full dress, jewels, flowers, and plumes. Many of the seats of the Peers were also filled by their noble wives and fair daughters, most superbly and sweetly arrayed. Oh! the glory of those gorgeous brocades, rivalling the blue of Italian skies, the green of English fields, the bloom of Cashmere's roses, the purple and gold of American sunsets! Oh! the exquisite beauty of flowers, fit to make Flora die of enyy, and outdoing Nature in a thousand unimaginable forms! Oh! the soft drooping-downiness of costly planes! Oh! the proud flashing, the inestimable splendor of old hereditary jewels the supphire, which seems to enshrine some the sapplire, which seems to ensure some series, celestial soul—the emerald, restless with some imprisoned spirit of the "vasty deep"—pearls of such liquid purity as the white beaded foam shaken from the locks of Venus—rubies of a joyous, luscious richness, like winedrippings from the goblet of Bacchus-garnets of a deep, dark, less festive than sorrowful hue, as they were hardened blood-drops from the heart of Niobe—and diamonds, giving out a haughty regal gleam, as they were frozen tears,

from angered Juno's eyes.

As a matter of course, I saw many of the fairest specimens of English aristocracy women of strong and healthful, yet delicate and elegant organization-women of refined expression and high-bred air, whose noble blood nowed itself, not alone in their proudly-borne heads and delicate hands, but was eloquent in every motion. But, as a faithful chronicler, must add that there were some, whom, were not for their wearing the titles and coronets of ladies, an "outside barbarian," like myself. would be in danger of confounding with the hood regnant on their brows, nor revealed its softness and grace is manner and movement; so it is well that the "Red Book" is explicit on the point of their claims. Among those onspicuous for elegance and loveliness were he young Duchess of Northumberland and beauty. That most magnificent of matrons, the Duchess of Sutherland, was not present. Toward one o'clock the Peers began to come They are a noble and refined-looking set of men, taken as a whole; but some there are so decidedly plebeing in the outward, one on be holding them recalls old stories of cradle exchanges, or feels amazed at the measureless clay vessels of such honor-in making the pa trician flesh and blood so marvellously like th beef-fed physique of the people. The Duke of Cambridge has a rotundity of figure, and a full-bloodedness and full-mooniness of face, more aldermanic than majestic. But few eyes dwelt on his royal highness, when there slowly entered, at the left of the throne, a white-haired old man, pale and spare, bowed with years and honors, the hero of many battles in many lands, the conqueror of conquerors, the Duke of Douro, he stood, or rather tottered before the grandest ruin in England. He preently retired, to don his ducal robes, and join the royal party at the entrance, by the Victoria tower. The pious bishops, in their sumptuous sacerdotal robes, made a goodly show before an ungodly world. The judges came, in their black gowns, and in all the venerable absurdity of their enormous wigs. Mr. Justice Talfourd the poet, a small, modest-looking man, was quite extinguished by his. The foreign ministers assembled, nation after nation, making, when standing or seated together, a most pecuhar and picturesque group. A more gorgeous richness and variousness of costume I never beheld. They shone in all colors, and dazzled with stars and orders, and jewel-hilted swords. The red Greek cap, richly wrought with gold. sat jauntily on olive brows and raven locks while high above all towered the ugly black

elegance, becoming the representative of a re In the gallery, near me, sat the little Indian princess, lately admitted into the English Church with the Queen for a sponsor. She is a pretty, bright-booking child, and was then literally bright-booking child, and was then hierarlly loaded with jewels. Opposite her sat the handsome and ponderous prince, her father, Said Pasha. He was magnificently dressed girded about with a superb India shawl; and diamonds, for the least of which many a hardrun Christian would sell his soul, gleamed above his swart brow, like stars amid dusk Lord Redesdale took his seat on the wool

hats of the Persian envoys. Our minister, Mr

Lawrence, was dressed with a quiet, simple

ack, and some business was despatched in hurried and indistinct way. Soon after two o cleek, the guns announced the arrival of the royal procession; and in a few moments the entire House rose silently to receive her Majesty The Queen was conducted by Prince Albert, and accompanied by all the great officers of state. The long train, borne by ladies, gentlemen, and pages gave a certain stateliness to the short, plump, little person of the fair savereign, and she bore herself with much dig nity and grace. Prince Albert, it is evident has been eminently handsome, but is now get-ting stont, and is a little bald. Yet he is a man of right noble presence. Her Majesty is in line preservation, and really a pretty and loyable-looking woman. I think I never saw anything sweeter than her smile of recognition. even to some of her friends in the galleryto the little Indian Princess in especial. There much in her face of pure womanliness and simple goodness, yet is it by no means wanting n animated intelligence. In short, after seeing her, I can well understand the loving lov of her people, and can heartily join in

prayer of God save the Queen Her Majesty wore a splendid tiara of bril-ants matched by bracelets, necklace, and stomacher. Her soft, brown hair was dressed just plainly, rolled in the neck, as for riding der-dress was of white satin, striped with gold; her over-dress was, of course, on velvet, trimmed with gold and ermin

After desiring the Lords to be seated, the should be summoned. The members of the Lower House are only allowed a naror the Lower House are only allowed a narrow ignoble space, railed off from the Chamber, under the gallery, opposite the throne. Into this they soon came, hurrying and tumbling, with a sad want of aristocratic dignity and parliamentary decorum. While the Speaker was reading his formal speech, looked round upon the scene, striving to stamp ooked round upon the scene, striving to stamp it indelibly upon the scene, striving to stam-ber itself, gorgeous in crimson and gold, fres-coes rich and historic, carving exquisite be-yond description—the pride and loveliness of

its exhaustless wealth-splendidly attired and every field and lane and house and shop was between these two agencies would change the ciety of rank were about to partake. They decorated officers of state, of the army, and of familiar to my eye. The birds in the trees American press into one great "Journal or the royal household, grouped about the throne,

state. Prince Albert sitting, tall and soldierlike, in his handsome field-marshal's uniform looked nonchalant and serene, and only needed his meerschaum, to make up a perfect pic-ture of German placidity. The Earl of Derby held the crown on its crimson cushion, gracefully, like an accomplished waiter presenting an ice. That crown smote on the eye, with its intolerable brightness. The wondrous, cost-ly jewels seemed to throb with life, the undy-ing life of light. Oh, immortal stones! on how many scenes like this have ye looked, with your cold, gleaming eyes, mocking alike the proud flash in the bold eyes of mighty kings, and the smiling light in the gentle eyes of fair queens—mocking, indeed, all the passing power and the perishing glory ye are meant to adorn and emblazon, and the mourn ful mortality, the deathward throbbing, of the

brows ye encircle.

After the reading of this speech, certain bills were read to her Majesty, for her assent. which she gave each time with a gracious bow shaking sparkles from her diamond tiara, in dew-drops of light. At every token of royal acquiescence, a certain personage, whom I took for a herald, bowed low toward the Queen, then performed a similar obeisance toward the Commons, crying, in a harsh, an atterly inde-scribable voice—"La Reine le veut." This ceremony gone through with, the Lord Chancellor, kneeling at the foot of the throne, pre sented a copy of the royal speech to the Queen, which she proceeded to read in a manner perfectly simple, yet dignified, and in a voice singularly melodious and distinct. Finer cading I never heard anywhere; every syllable was clearly enunciated, and the emphasis fell with unerring precision upon the right

The Lord Chancellor having formally announced that Parliament stood prorogued until the 20th of August, her Majesty rose as majesti-cally as could be expected of one more remarkable for rosy plumptitude than regal altitude. Prince Albert took his place at her side-the ero n-bearer took his in front-the train-bearers took theirs in the rear; the royal procession formed, swept slowly forth, the brilliant House broke up and followed, and so the splendid pageant passed away-faded like a vision of poetry

r a fairy enchantment. Most of us were obliged to wait a long time in the aute-room before we could gain the staircase, where our carriages were announced, befrom the corridors, eager to get a sight even of the empty chamber, so lately glorified by the presence of nobility and sanctified by the breathings of royalty. It was in vain that gentlemanly ushers waved the official rod, and strove to preserve order—in vain that awful policemen, pale with shocked loyalty, shouted. Make way for the Peers and Peeresses "-the curious crowd came surging in, and the bonneted wives of citizens elbowed the coroneted wives of Dukes, and tradesmen got entangled I would not have you suppose that Miss Mit. driving by; and a glance was enough. What ere we reached home, and yet we were by no means the last to get away. Mr. K., who accompanied me, beheld, by choice, the proces-

sion from the outside, which he tells me was magnificent beyond all description.

As soon as I could change my dress, I joined the kind friends with whom I am staving on a visit to the children of Governor Kossuth, wh are living with their tutor at Bayswater. The daughter was absent, on a visit to the country but we found the sons at home, and I can truly say I never saw nobler boys. They are handome, spirited, intelligent, and apparently of nost sociable natures.

After dinner, we went to her Majesty's the atre to see performed "The Barber of Seville, with Mad. De La Grange, a fine French singer, as Rosina, Signor De Bassini as Figaro, and the great Lablache as Doctor Bartolo. The first bass-singer of the world is an enormous man—a monster of melody, who spouts up columns of sound from the "vasty deep" of his immense lungs, and whelms you in the flood.

This opera house is vast in its dimensions, and splendid as a palace in its fitting up—a

most costly and luxurious temple of pleasure. Early on the 2d, one of the loveliest mornings that ever dawned, I set out, with Mrs. F. and a few choice English friends, for a day at Alburg, the residence of Mr. Tupper-a poet whose manners are as popular as his works, and whose hospitality is as "proverbial" as his "philosophy." Our party consisted of Mr. F., Francis Bennock, a London merchant, yet a poet, and a friend of poets, a lover and a generous patron of art, a politician of high-toned liberality, a warm-hearted man—and, what was the crown of all virtues on an occasion like ours, an admirable humorist: Mrs. Bennock, his charming wife, and "little Frank, a blue-eyed fair-haired beauty of a boy: Mr Durham, the young sculptor, to whom we owe the noblest bust of Jenny Lind; Camilla Crosland, the delightful authoress, whom we know well under her maiden name of Toulman; and Mr. Jordan, or "old Jordan," as he is familiarly called, a man of nearly seventy years, yet retaining the joyous spirit of seventeen, one of the finest wits and most remarkable personages of his time.

From the station at Guildford we rode to

Alburg, about a mile, through the most deliious lanes, past streams and little lakes-altogether one of the pleasantest drives I ever

enjoyed.

Mr. Tupper's place is the very ideal home of a poet—sheltered in a lovely valley, embower-ed in noble trees, clambered over by vines, and illuminated with roses. The house itself is quaintly beautiful outwardly and inwardly fin-ished and furnished with simple elegance and

much artistic taste. Oh, what a golden day they made for us-our genial and handsome host, his affable and intellectual wife, and their children that are children. What pleasant talks we had in the library, what walks in the garden, what frolics with the little ones in the hay-field-what a merry, noisy, nonsensical time over our dinnerand what a glorious ramble through green woodland paths, afterwards. Oh, for a Joshua to have laid an injunction on the sun, which even in England will set at last. On our return drive we threw mournful glances on the beautiful country which had so charmed us in the morning, and grieving that we should see its face no more. We took leave of our host and his handsome little son at the station, most regretfully-though I am sorry to say that some of our party were guilty of several bad puns up

to the last sad moment.
On our way back to town, Mrs. Crosland. with whom, by the by, I had become deeply interested during the day, pointed out to me Rygate, the place where Eugene Aram was usher in a school.

The day following, I again went into the country with my good friend F., on a visit to Miss Mitford. Another morning of soft airs and surpassing beauty, as though sent to favor our homage to one of the truest poets of nature. We passed in sight of Windsor Castle, which We passed in sight of Windsor Castle, which shows gloriously even from afar. I wish I could give you an idea of the peculiar gorgeous effect produced by the wild poppies in bloom along our way. The embankment of the railroad was crimson with them for miles, and seemed rushing by us like a river of blood.

We left the rail and took an open carriage at Reading, a quaint old place, containing some venerable Abbey ruins. "Three Mile Cross," the immortal "Our Village" of the sketches, is some miles from this town, but the

sketches, is some miles from this town, but the poetess does not now reside there, having removed to a simple little cottage at Swallowfield, a mile or two away. We drove through Our strument of elevation and of progress. Cararistocracy, with the emblems of Village," however, and past her old home, and ried out, a combined and reciprocating action-

and sighed, that she who had made those lovefor thousands, could herself roam over them and rejoice in them no more.

her picturesque proteges, the gipsies, who were lounging on the turf at the entrance of a lane, sunning themselves—a careless lazy-looking et of vagabonds, who scarcely deigned to turn their faces towards us as we passed, though one dusky damsel fired up at us with her gleaming eyes, from the ambush of her black traggling locks.

We were pained to find Miss Mitford, who has been in a feeble state of health for some years past, suffering from an attack of illness more than usually severe, yet she did not look ill—her fine expressive face was lit with pleas-ant smiles, and she retained her kind sympathetic manner and cheerful charming spirits to the full. Miss Mitford talks delightfully, with graphic descriptions of places and persons, free dashes at character, and a rich delicious umor which you relish like a dainty flavor She has the joyous outgushing laugh of a child, and her kindly eyes flash from under her noble brow and snowy soft hair, with all the vivacity of girlhood. No complaining could have been half

pathetic as her cheerful resignation, when she was told that she must not go with us to ride, a pleasure to which she had been looking for-Feeling that she had over-exerted herself in conversation, we left her for an hour or two, while we visited Strathfield-Say, the noble country-seat of the Duke of Wellington. and drove through the extensive and beautiful grounds. The park is one of the finest in England, but the house is neither grand nor pi

It was with real anguish at my heart that I parted with Miss Mitford that evening. The xcitement of the morning had worn off, and she looked pale and sad. I grieved to leave her with only her maid and man-servant, devoted though they be-feeling that she whose heart was so rich in tenderest affections, should have the near love and anxious care of at least a sister or brother ever about her steps. My lips quivered painfully under her parting kiss though receiving it as the benediction of one of God's angels. I never shall forget the deep melodious fervor of her "God bless you," be stowed on her well-beloved friend, Mr. F. nor her last smile cast on us both as she stood in her door, looking after us as we drove away. Yet I was much comforted in my sadnes by the thought, that ever while England boasts a pure literature and a virtuous people, while her quiet country lanes stretch out their lovely vistas of greenery, while her hawthorn hedges blossom through the pleasant land, will the name of Mary Russell Mitford be cherished and revered.

in the ermined robes of Peers. One poor old man was rudely jostled against me; I looked to say that many of the nobility, as well as her up commiseratively into his face, and it was countless literary friends, honor themselves by the Duke of Wellington! It was four o'clock showing her every possible attention and kind-GRACE GREENWOOD.

#### For the National Fra STANZAS.

O, chase all gloomy thoughts away Sing hopefully, sing high: Learn, poet of the latter day. Thy lesson is not misery The tales of love, of yore so sweet Should be unuttered now;

High converse for this time is meet, Unbind the ivy from each brow. Sing not of fame's dark, blighting breatly

Of feverish thought and care: Say not your only hope is death Your only refuge there. But let your strain new life impart Nor wet with tears your cheek, But seek to comfort every heart-The sorrowful the meek

Go out among your kind, And see what help your aid can yield, The drooping soul to bind. Sing not of by-gone joys so dear,

Of gloomy skies once bright; Think ye that Heaven is more pear In hours of day than night

Of kindling cheek and eye; Sing hopefully-sing high! Peal out a strain to wake the land

Shout forth a battle cry, To rouse the patriot heart and hand-That is your mission high!

Bring every wrong to light; O, wake ye in your might!

Stand forth in stern and proud array Teach craven hearts to fear O, poet of the latter day, That is your mission here!

This is no time for sighs and fears. For mirthful songs and light; Lay off the garb of childish tears-O, rouse ve in your might. Sing lays that gush from out the soul-

Not wet with puerile rain-That o'er the heart like thunders roll;

Sing for the captive lone : For bond and free, in every spot O. wake a mighty tone. Pour on the wind a clarion blast, Let crouching tyrants quake, Bid suffering men think on the past

The tales of love, of yore so sweet. Should be unuttered now: High converse for your time is meet Unbind the ivy from each brow! Sing loud, and rule with potent sway

And slumbering thousands wak

With earnest heart and eye; Learn, poet of the latter day, That is your mission high

Pittston, Wyoming Valley, 1852.

## DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE. - No. 6.

question. What agencies, plans, and measures, question. What agencies, plans, and measures, are best fitted to promote, secure, and perpetuate such Democracy, is another question. At the first question a slight glance has been taken, a few hints given, taking the ground that the elementary, universal, and eternal principles of science, controlling all human affairs, should be understood by all human affairs, should be understood by all human beings. Touching the second question—agencies—a "GREAT PUBLIC TRIO" is in full view, as immediately avaliable—the public press, public functionaries, and public schools. In speaking of these agen-cies, facts are better than theories, showing what has been as proof of what may be. For a year or two past, entire series of articles on practical science—Agriculture and Mechanism—have been published in newspa-

seemed singing her name over and over, and SCIENCE," and schools into institutions for prothe wild roses in the hedges seemed breathing duction and reciprocation: for accumulating

of the Supreme Court, and numerous Members and sighed, that she who had made those love of Congress, with commissioners and clerks in the various Departments of the Government, and places of quiet, of delight, and refreshment, have aided in the distribution of matters of sei-I knew when we were near on to Miss Mitford's home, by our encountering a group of our; "relating especially to agriculture and by-street so frequented by horsemen and footmechanism, have been sent by Members of respective districts and States. The products of the press have also been distributed in like manner within a few days past, principally by the scure persons, was suddenly become fashion

> To the American Post Office the attention is at once instinctively drawn, as the Covernment functionary for the radiation of scientific light. Let each of our twenty thousand post offices become a concentrating and radiating point of light, and the same number of postmasters, with their numerous assistants radiating agents, and all in connection with schools and the press, and who cannot see a general flood of light spread over our land, constantly leading American citizens to see more eye to eye and act more hand in hand for their mutual benefit, and for the elevation and true dignity of our country and of humanity?

To render the radiation of true light-the ight of science and of soul-universal, Foreign Ministers and other Government functionries from abroad have caused the same scientific matter, which has been circulated by the public press through the public schools in this untry, to be translated into their respective anguages, distributed by the same agency, the press, to the same fields of labor, schools, n their own countries.

#### RANK AND NOBILITY.

A STORY-BY JEANNE MARIE.

Translated for the Era, by Dr. Edwin A. Atles.

With hurried steps she paced the streets, till she came to that in which Mrs. Müller dwelt, and then lay sick. How might she be? Her heart retarded her steps; she reflected not whether it were suitable then to go in, or if she might find Adrian there, and was long in deciding, being quite near the house, and hav-ing yesterday left it at a late hour. Her heart trembled, and she concluded not to re-enter. It was a clear, bright winter morning; the sun's rays broke in a thousand colors on the newly-fallen snow, and the heaven stretched its ethereal blue pavilion over the crystal-covered rows of houses, between which she walked. Erika felt herself every moment more free. Nature exercised a powerful influence upon her. At the entrance of —— street she stood a moment, to rest and collect herself, when she heard behind her the tinkling of bells of the first sleigh this morning. The voices sounded so pleasantly that she turned to see who were his shoulder. Apprehension and grief were in Adrian's looks. The surprise was momentary. Adrian's looks. but laid hold on Erika. The sleigh flew pas her, and she was unobserved by Adrian, who seemed quite absorbed in care and sympathy for his companion. Erika saw from a small distance how he lifted the light form in his arms, and carried her into the house. How came it that to her all now seemed in shade,

which but a short time proviously was over-spread with brightness? The sleigh, in returning, glided slowly over towards her, as if seeking new employment. Erika felt herself greatly weakened, and beckoning to the driver a sprightly young fellow, asked if he would drive lifer to the Great Market, No. 8. The young man nodded as sent, sprang from the seat, threw back the for cover, and Erika stepped in, going the second time over the road, but much more speedily, and in how different a state. In earnest meditation she arrived at the Minister's house, where Seraphine's inquiring countenance sa-luted her through the window. But as she ascended the steps, leaning on Glöben's arm, she so far regained her self-command as to meet her foster-mother with a smile, and to explain the enigma of her appearance at so unusual an hour. "You will stay, now, and participate in the

Yes," said Erika, proudly erecting herself Now will I begin, for the first time in earnest, to launch into the vortex of pleasure.' Glöben hurried off to make a new arrange-

ment; but, after an hour or two, returned to the ladies with quite a different physiognomy. "It is all over with the sleighing party," cried "Take off your bonnet again, Seraphine; and you, Countess, cannot begin to-day to launch into the vortex of pleasure."

"Why, what has happened?" asked the Minister's lady: while Scraphine, in disap-

Minister's lady; while Seraphine, in disappointment, drew the white plumes of her Bibi through her fingers, and Erika carelessly threw herself upon the sofa.

"Wonderful, very wonderful doings," answered Glöben, significantly. "Let me first take breath; then will I narrate the chain of

adventures. "Heavens! what can it be?" asked Sera-

phine, eager to know. "A romance-a complete romance, child; therefore listen."

"We hear," cried Seraphine, having recov-

ered her serenity, and throwing herself into a

marks, what we already know.
"The Prince is frantic," concluded he

Hyppolith is at his father's feet, weeping, praying, and raving. Under present circumstances, a sleigh-ride is out of the question."
"But how do you know all this?" asked

"I know it from the Duke himself, or rather through the Prince. He told Sternhof, and I have it from him. The old man is quite overcome by his son's sufferings. He is the only son, and his chief treasure. Sternhof himself was affected. But Müller must be a man outright. He has been with the Duke, it seems, and given him the particulars of the affair, and he is said to have wept in the arms of the

But what will be the issue of all this confusion ?" asked Scraphine.
"Truly it may be some time ere the stormroused minds will be quieted; and meantime

the snow will disappear. "If only the young Prince do not commit some harm," said Scraphine. "Such passion-ate men are capable of doing anything."

"But his pain will not last as long as with the more steady," replied the Minister's lady. I am convinced that the blusterhead will be pacified as soon as he perceives that the fulfil-ment of his wishes is impossible. And Müller, who is so powerful, caught in the wheel of destiny, will not defer proceeding to the main business, and will place the capstone on these complications."

"But whence comes this girl?" asked Sera-

"Heaven knows, I cannot tell. A foundling in rags, picked up somewhere by the deceased humane pastor, and out of compassion brought into his bouse," answered Glöben.

wrapped in her shawl, quite unmoved by the communication of the young man. Her coun-tenance, however, betrayed her extreme inter-

sought amends, however, by many-sided conferences about the wonderful interruption. At the royal household, grouped about the throne, and her upon the throne.

Throughout the reading of the speech, her Majesty listened with a cold, quiet manner, sitting perfectly motionless, even to her fingers and eyelids. The Iron Duke, standing at her left, bent and trembled slightly, supporting.

I looked longingly over toward Aberleigh, with evident difficulty, the penderous sword of with evident difficulty and the wild roses in the hedges seemed breathing for her. I gazed down her favorite walks, half duction and reciprocation: for accumulating and radiating light.

To strengthen such combined action, Government functionaries have rendered efficient and cheerful aid. The President of the United States, several members of his Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, and numerous Members of the next ball, nothing was talked of but the next ball, nothing was talked of but the next ball, nothing and radiating light.

To strengthen such combined action, Government functionaries have rendered efficient and radiating light.

To strengthen such combined action, Government functionaries have rendered efficient and radiating light.

To strengthen such combined action, Government functionaries have rendered efficient again to discuss the theme, and control of the next ball, nothing the next ball, nothing was talked of but the ing him States, several members of his Cabinet, Judges jectures about the persons so nearly allied to ting heart, but ventured not to look about. Nevertheless when on the point of pulling the ence in various forms, both in connection with desirous to see this charming flower, whose the public press and with schools. Very re- splendor and fragrance had so completely be men, never so many glances cast to the winongress both to papers and to schools in their dows of the second story of a certain house. A

> Among the crowded foot-people a young man was seen almost constantly, at all hours of the day. It was Hyppolith, to whom desperation gave no rest, and whom jealousy was consuming. He either flew there on his Arabian, or walked wrapped in his cloak, and stood with hat over his face for hours, like a statue, opposite the window, behind the lowered curtains of which the shadow of a female figure occasionally showed itself.

In the interior of this house the appearance was sorrowful. All the members of the family so much talked of were in unusual excitement and only in the endeavor to conceal from each other the anguish of their own breast, present

ed an apparent quiet.

Adrian, who seemed peculiarly calm, even
he was under the stress of powerful feelings.
What he repressed and forcefully smothered on his own account, he suffered in the soul of another. He saw Hyppolith, his friend, whom he loved as a son or brother, for whose happiness he was ready to forego his own—he saw him a prey to the most consuming passion; saw the beautiful, youthful form rendered old and bent by the grief of a few days, and accusing him as the author of his miseries. His look met the hopeless glance of his friend, and he felt that the force of his mind was broken. Hyppolith shunned him; and only when he passed by, or stood immovably at Lucie's winow, could his eye rest upon him.

It was not enough that Adrian lost the confidence of his young friend, and had broken his youthful spirit. Lucie also, the sister of his heart, and future wife, he saw pale in melan choly and tears. But he had hope, even ther

The most tossed and sorrowful in this small rircle was Mrs. Müller, who in a few weeks had become old and gray. A ceaseless sadness prevailed, and penetrated her whole being. And here it was where Adrian himself who had strength enough to withstand the friend and the sister with inflexible rigor, felt himself weakened. Here, at the affecting, hidden sor row of the mother, he lost his courage. The secret that tormented her, drove he

rom place to place, made her more and more

fearfully sensitive, weighed heavily; and there

fore he could not make up his mind to molest her by disclosing it. He hesitated to compel her to a confession. In Mrs. Müller's breast, grief in the bitterest degree operated uncontrolled. She had with most pleasing anticipations hastened to the city, after having for whom she had sacrificed her peace of condared not think of it-dared not venture on any stipulation. It haunted her with icy despondency. And now, when she saw herself rejected by him; now, when she desired to be-take herself to her former rural solitude, and comfort herself again with the love of her other children-even now had new storms made inroad, new disappointments assailed. Lucie her only daughter, her beloved, last-born child was a deception—a stranger. Müller himself. during a long life, had the courage to deceive her, tis true from the most honorable motives— from indulgence and respect, as well as a doubt of the strength of her mind. And at this moment, when she was informed that her own child had been taken from her, she saw it suffer and die. This was too much for the weak woman, her exhausted strength and ment giving way, and believed herself near dis-traction. But even then her condition presented in wonderful clearness and a fever of dismal anxiety raged through her. Thus passing from one unnatural extreme to the other she gave herself up, was wearied by sorrows and longed for rest—no longer profited by the former, and strove invariably for the latter. "Why did she not die ?"

This question has been put by millions in similar circumstances, without obtaining an answer. Men who, with indefinite capability of suffering, have been worn out, first under the burden of age, or broken down by sickness, after grief had in vain labored for their de struction-these quiet sufferers, who have never known pure happiness without an after-taste of and exasperated condition, obeyed the summons bitter, who have wept at doors shut against of the Countess. them, have suppressed in a smile the voice of woe, were born with an invisible crown of his reveries by the Count; but he also required thorns, and took it with them to their graves. much quiet and mature reflection. He had led These are the real martyrs of this world, and | Erika into the world; she was received in so-

While Mrs. Müller lived out painful days and from hour to hour felt more wretched, Adrian strove with great exertion and haste for the fulfilment of his proposed task. The Duke had nominated him his father's successor, and he went to put in order the home of his childhood, and arrange the future for himself and Lucie. The unhappy mother consequently saw herself alone with her daughter and hope ones more kindled a torch, perhaps for the function of her last wishes. She wrote to Baler, begging an interview with him before

"Too weak to bear the long distance to the city, I request thee, my dear Baler, to fulfil my last petition, and visit me once more. Soon will I leave this city forever; thou wilt never see me again, nor shall I ever interrupt the quiet of thy life. I wish, however, to part with thee in the consciousness that thy remem-brance of me may be unembittered, and the recollection of our last interview a pleasant one. I beg thee therefore, to come this even-ing. I am alone. Thy brothers are on a journey. Lucie only is with me, who, in an be uneasy on that account. Lucie knows no one here, and it cannot be expected that sh will at any time see thee again. I believe

have said enough to make thee favor my wishes; and in anxious restlessness and sweet hope wait thee for the LAST TIME. "Thy mother,

It was evening, though clear as day, when Baler, muffled in a cloak, hastened to his mother's dwelling. Her letter had affected him wonderfully, but greatly as he pitied her, deep-ly as her claims excited his sympathy, he had not power to suppress a pleasing emotion, very different from that of his mother at Müller's different from that of his mother at Müller's grave. Her nearness, like an incubus, was as a weight on all his pleasures; for weeks he had felt himself not a moment secure, and now, after a short gratuitous struggle with him, she would leave the city vanquished, to give him up forever. This gave him an electric impulse. He loved liberty, and had lived in singular slavery. In this pleasant excitement he was more ready than before to comply with her wishes. It was to be the last meeting of the kind, and what was to be feared from it? Adrian and Edmund absent and the curiosity of the haut A scene in the parsonage house of a village would not have become the town talk, were it not that its results plainly interfered old house in ——street. Besides, to-day the

ust as he reached the end of his hand. walk, and was about to enter the house, it struck him that some one was going step by step up the stairs. Shall I be watched and followed by spies? thought Baler, with palpitabell, he felt his motion suddenly checked, his hand as it were in an iron cramp, and a firm, well-known voice asked-

To whom are you going, Count Sternhof? "It is your Highness!

"Yes, it is I who demand an answer to my

And I do not wish to give it." "I shall know how to make you."

"With what right?" With the right that I claim as defender and guardian of the innocent. Do not deny that you come to this house from unworthy

notives, most likely under this mask to become equainted with the object who has been s ortunate or unfortunate as to attract the at-Baler thanked the Prince for the lash given im, and quickly laid hold of it to keep him-

self out of the embarrassment of the moment. He had rather be accounted light and adventuous than tell the truth here. "And if it were so," asked he, "could your Highness wish to hinder me? The parson's daughter is betrothed to another, and I think myself bound to give im alone an account of my proceedings." "But Adrian is absent," cried Hyppolith, and I watch the door till he returns. No

nan shall see her. I swear!" Baler, extremely offended, coldly said: "And f I should be expected, and insist on my pur-

ose, how can you prevent the accomplishment Hyppolith, overpowered by the thought that

rage, "I could kill you! At this moment was heard a piercing shrick ehind the locked door. Baler knew his mother's voice, who had been the secret witness of

the affair; and the thought of him being exposed on her account to an apparent madman must have given her deadly fright. "It is enough," said Baler; "you hear that our conversation has been overheard. Give me free passage."

I let you in?" thundered Hyppolith Never! Adrian's honor is mine. Expected or not expected, you dare not go through this door. And if I am not to despise you as a coward, answer me on the spot, with what view have you come to this house?" So saying, Hyppolith drew from his pocket a pair of pis

"I am prepared for any satisfaction," said Baler, still more coolly, "but not here. Would you completely blast the reputation of one whose guardian you usurp to be?"

"Completely blast," cried Hyppolith; "ther people have already dared to touch this lily?" "You yourself were so daring."
Hyppolith could no longer control his rage Sir Count," cried he, beside himself, this demands blood! Wait a moment, so"—

"Enough of trick," said Baler; "come on While the two men, who had rashly ascended the steps, descended them with quite different feelings, to enact a bloody scene by next morning's twilight, Mrs. Müller lay lamenting in for whom she had sacrificed her peace of con-science, that she might at length see her son door and arms to him, was the palsied witness science, that she might at length see her son again—meet him with a heart overflowing with love. And what a reciprocation did she find, as she sought to make amends to the child of her tears for a long life of torment of conscience—what return did she meet with? She science—what return did she meet with? She had not heard—was too much; it brokes the had not heard—was too much; it brokes had not heard—was to much; it brokes had not heard—was to much; it brokes had not heard—was too much; it brokes had not heard with the sheard of the depth. her heart. Lucie heard the shriek of the death smitten, and hasted to her. She saw the mother wringing her hands, heard Hyppolith's oice, and her thoughts bewildered her. beloved thirsted for the blood of a man-this she perceived distinctly and that he went him self to meet death. Voices and steps ceased to be heard. What could be done! Lucie kneeled in prayer; and suddenly the

bell was violently pulled.
"Who is there!" asked Lucie, trembling.

"It is I," answered the voice of Adrian.

Count Eisheim, in company with the young painter, while almost silent, thought little about the road. Both were too much engaged with certain thoughts to desire participation. Ed-mund recalled the conversation and occurrences of the past day, and had not power to effect an armistice of the contending forces within him. In respect to him, Scraphine was perhaps as to others, like some play actress, who per sonates the serene in a masterly manner. He knew not which to admire most, and which was precisely akin to her individuality. The more charming he found her, the more transporting to a painter's eye her bewitching beauty, so much the more he doubted concerning her character. But the uncertainty of how he was esteemed by her; the scanty crumbs of hope that fell from her table for him; the small fare, not competent to satisfy his hunger, drove the beggar still further from her door. And he regretted having, in an almost exhausted

at their graves we ought to do penance, and ciety with complaisance; could even boast of some conquests, but still maintained a cool in-difference undisturbed by distinction, unmoved by effusions of feeling. There was no doubt that Count Sternhof addressed her with earnest views, but that she treated him with reserve Was this a natural aversion-a want of feel ing—coldness of heart; or was the ground of her insensibility to be sought for more deeply? Lives there perhaps already an object of worship in her heart, which would suffer none besides him, and she has not ventured to show his picture to her father, whose dissatisfaction she fears? Could she really have made a choice of one who doubted her judgment? Impossible But Erika was of late so strangely affected. Something must occupy her seriously. He re-gretted having left her behind; and, though

onvinced that she never could act without reason, he asked himself if he would have the courage to disturb her feelings, and, if it were in his power, to overturn his daughter's determination when once fixed. On this point he believed her to be firm as a rock. Never would she for a whim incur her father's dissatisfac-tion; but neither would she ever sacrifice a genuine feeling to his caprice. In how far he was now prepared to yield, this was a point in adjoining room, will not hear thy voice, and out of respect for me will not venture to disturb laying aside all conjectures, trusting to the future prudence of Erika, he directed his thoughts to other objects. But even the sight of Eschen could not please him; there awaited him there great disorders and destruction; and in a sor-rowful state of mind, that had so different a ource for both travellers, they arrived at the

Frederic led the painter into the most pleas ant guest-chamber, where a fire was soon kin-dled, and everything most conveniently arranged; while the Count merely changed his ress, and betook himself to Lorentz.

ourse met him. Is he still alive?" asked the Count "Ah, yes," answered Catharine, casting down her eyes at sight of Eisheim; "he is alive,

On the threshold of the farm-house Erika's

Be calm," said the Count, "and be no angry with him in the hour of death. He will soon stand before his God, and judgment belongs to Him slone.

but will not confess, worthy master; and he has

great sin on his conscience.

"Ah, heavenly Father! How good you are, master. This brings me to my understanding," lamented Catharine, leading the Count into

bandaged and supported, he rested on his rough couch. Near him stood the clergyman, in his robe of office, with the chalice in his

My good Lorentz," said the Count, "thy duty has made serious work for thee."

Lorentz, Lorentz!" cried Catharine, " see the master himself is come to bring comfort to thee. Wilt thou not now say how greatly thou ast sinned against him? The dying man looked wildly at his wife.

with his very soul, as it were; and in a hollow voice said-"Thou too, Kate; thou too."

Then turning to the Count, he faintly whis-

"It will soon be over." "Now, as it will soon be over," sobbed Catharine, "for that very reason thou ought to be Eisheim's strict glance fell on the woman.

"Envy not the sufferer's rest, Kate," said he, arnestly. Lorentz looked at the Count. Something disturbed his countenance, and Eisheim bent

over him. Lorentz," said he, "I have not forgotten that thou saved my child, and thank thee for it with full heart, even to this day

Lorentz stared at him.
"It was not I," said he. "No, indeed; it was old Anne. She carried it away.' "Carried it away ?" said the Count. "What

did she carry away?" Catharine sobbed aloud The parson en-deavored to comfort her. The Count repeated his question : but Lorentz could make no further answer; he only pointed to Catharine.

"Have mercy," cried she; "neither was it ! Indeed it was Anne." The Count and parson looked at each other the mystery remained unsolved. A loud rattling in the throat bespoke the last struggle of the dying man, who took the secret with him

Baler told the truth, and was really expected to the grave. Kate was in so distressed a con-where entrance was denied to others, cried in dition that it was not possible to obtain any information from her. TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT. INDEPENDENT DEMOCRACY IN NEW YORK

In pursuance of a call to the friends of Free. dom in Oswego county, a meeting was held at Mexico on the 15th ult. Most of the towns were well represented and the utmost harmo av and enthusiasm prevailed. The meeting was called to order by the Rev

I. E. Weed, of Mexico, on whose motion A Hanna, of Fulton, was called to the chair, Harvey Clark was appointed Secretary Meeting opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. McFarland, of Palermo. On motion, a committee of three was ap-

pointed to nominate permanent officers for the Convention. A. Stewart, of Oswego: H. Goodwin, of Wil-liamstown: and Jacob Whitmarsh, of Scriba, were appointed such committee.

On motion, a committee of one from each own was chosen to prepare resolutions. The following gentlemen were appointed:
A. Hanna, of Fulton; M. Flower, of Hastings; S. Sadler, of Scriba; Rev. S. S. Decker, of Palermo; A. Parks, of Oswego; N. B. Northrop, of Granby; A. Marsh, of Williamstown; Asa

S. Wing, of Mexico; Z. Johnson, of New Haven; E. W. Fox, of Richland, and M. Bentley, of Sandy Creek. The Committee on Nominations reported the

Amos Marsh, of Williamstown, President; A. Buckhout, of Oswego, Vice President; and Harvey Clark, of Fulton, Secretary. On motion, the Convention proceeded to ballot for two delegates to the National Convention at Pittsburgh. E. W. Fox, of Richland, and Alanson Loomis, of Fulton, were appointed

such delegates, and the County Committee in-structed to add to their number, in case Madison county did not move in sending delegates A committee of one from each town was ap-pointed to raise funds to further the objects of this Convention. A. Buckhout, of Oswego,

was appointed Treasurer.
On motion, a committee of five was appoint ed, as a County Corresponding Committee The following were named as such committee: A. Hanna, of Fulton; A. French, of Pulaski W. Mitchel, of Mexico; A. Marsh, of Williams

town, and E. A. Potter, of Oswego. The following gentlemen were appointed as

The following gentlemen were appointed as Town Committees:
Oswego—S. R. Taylor, J. W. Pitkin, E. A. Potter. Fulton—A. Loomis, R. W. Stowell, G. C. Sherman. Granby—S. V. Bryant, E. G. Rice, Hulbert Strong. Palermo—J. Urc, S. Powers, Lewis Johnson. Scriba—S. Sadler, Isaac Jewett, Henry Hoyt. Hastings—Daniel Ball, R. K. Avery, B. Hoyt. Hew Haven—Z. Johnson, B. J. Hale, O. Marvin. Richland—A. H. Stevens, Daniel Tiff, Che. Spear, Wil. A. H. Stevens, Daniel Tiff, Chs. Snow. Wilhamstown—A. Comstock, C. S. Sage, E. S. Strong, Mexico—Chs. Wheeler, A. Justice, I. Mitchel. And the County Committee were empowered to complete the list for the towns

not represented. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. H Cook, of Palermo; Rev. Mr. Benson, of Fulton and Rev. T. Salmon, of Pulaski.

Mr. A. Hanna, from the Committee on Reso-

lutions, reported resolutions, mainly the same as adopted by the late Worcester Convention which were adopted.

\*\*Resolved, That the proceedings of this Convention be published in the National Era, the Carson League, Frederick Douglass's Paper, and the Free Soil papers in this county.\*\*

After the adoption of the resolutions, the Rev. T. Salmon was called upon for a speech, and gave the following; which was ordered to be published with the proceedings of the Con-

" Mr. President: I would most earnestly recmmend to the friends of this Convention, that every sentiment, prejudice, and feeling, peculiarly sectarian, as heretofore taken to distinguish and separate the two branches of free action, known as Liberty Party and Free Soil, be utterly relinquished; that harmonious union may be perfectly effected, and that the whole strength of Freemen of the county may be di-rected against the united system of oppression under which the country groans."

The Convention then adjourned. AMOS MARSH, President. HARVEY CLARK, Secretary.

## MR. LAWRENCE VS. WAT TYLER.

Color for an American's Remark .- The American Minister, dining with the Fishmon-gers, is reported to have said: "This corpora-tion has the honor of numbering among its members the man who slew Wat Tyler." It seems strange that an American should have sympathized against, instead of with, the patri-otic blacksmith; but perhaps the anomaly may be explained by the supposition that he did not reflect that a blacksmith is not necessarily a

ORIGIN OF THE CHOLERA.-At a recent religious meeting held at Exeter Hall, in London, a gentleman of authority stated the unde-niable fact that the tax levied upon salt by Warren Hastings, during his tyrannical rule in India, was the cause of the Asiatic cholera in India, was the cause of the Asiatic cholera-a disease that has spread its poisonous, putrid breath over the world, and sent millions to the grave. The cholera was unknown before the period alluded to, and made its appearance im-mediately following the edict which deprived the lower castes of Hindoos of a healthful in-gredient in their food.

COST OF SOLDIERING .- A soldier in the French army costs the Government \$185 per year. An English soldier costs about \$400. According to a statement lately made in the Senate by Hen. J. P. Hale, a soldier in the Uni-

Sounding Boards .- A distinguished artist has master. This brings me to my understanding."
lamented Catharine, leading the Count into the chamber.

There lay the bulky, grotesque form of Lontz, presenting a horrid sight. The man's lead and least were much married and the speaker's voice be heard distinctly in the lead and least were much married and the speaker's voice be heard distinctly in the